

THE SWEET OLD STORY.

Carol, Carol, Christmas, exultant sing the story
Of Christ who came in Bethlehem, now
Of life and glory
Of the twelve apostles, years have passed
Since the true flesh became
Incarnate in the human form, and took to
Him sweet names
Of Jesus, to redeem and bring man, fallen,
back to glory
The time of time has nothing marred, to
day is just the same
As when the angels sang "Good Will"
to the world
Carol, Christian mother, sweet, to laud
your son's name
For by singing this old story over your
table with sweeter
voice than on such little ones, when here
has often sung
Heaven's choir, singing His face, the
angel of each child
And well He loves the innocents—He calls
them heirs of glory
"Let them come unto Me," he said; your
table keep unobscured
And brightly be your table, this old, this
sweet old story

Carol, youth and maiden, laud sweet
your son's name
For Joseph, too, the Nazarene, hath made
his path a way
And as you sing the story over, mark well
his message
In favor with His fellowman a lesson
learned from you
Then from Him, in life's sweet spring,
that in a few performance you to hours
The shifting scenes of time high past, when
then you'll nothing rue
But here the day you made your theme,
Hosanna, this sweet old story

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"Excuse me," said Sir William, rising.
"We have finished, and I always make a
practice of receiving my rents myself.
I cannot have been behind lately. He
owes me a round sum."

Lady Greystone, who was a nonentity,
led the way to the drawing room. Ida
was a splendid musician. Florence sang
sweetly, but made no pretence to excel.
She admitted her taste—she preferred
a simple ballad as "Anne Laurie" to the
opera.

Sir William presently came in, and as-
tonishingly spread blank notes for 2000
upon a card table.

"I don't like keeping so much in my
bureau," said he, "but there is no help for
it tonight. I really must get a safe.
There are your dividends too, Florry, just
come in."

Florry, no one admired his riches. Sir
William gathered the notes together and
deposited them in a safe. He then turned
towards the afternoon and looking at
the clock, he said, "It is a quarter of
eight. It is foolish in the extreme, but
Florence's one hope was in Charles's com-
ing that night upon the ice. A little snow
fell, and she dreaded lest it should be
thick, but the wind rose, and it cleared
again. The maid waited to stay with her,
but she refused."

At half past eleven she displayed the
well-known signal, and in a few minutes
it was responded to. Soothing upon his
strong shoulder in that dark arched way,
she told him an incoherent tale of harsh usage
and cruel wrong. Hardly knowing how,
she fell skates upon her feet. Charles had
said the night before that he would
bring them, and they could have a race
round the lake before the moon rose, and
leaving upon his arm she glided into the
starlit night.

It was very foolish and very wrong of
Charles, doubtless, but consider his three-
year-old and still a child. To do him
justice, he had been thoroughly understood
the shameful suspicion that had been cast
upon him, he would have faced Sir
William and insisted upon having the
matter settled to the bottom. But all he
knew was that he was, darling his arm
round, and that was his only comfort.

The very physical strength of the man
seemed to rise up within and bear him on-
ward.

Florence was a skilful skater—she had
learned upon the "rinks"—and they were
speedily some distance from the main
group, and still in the heart of the lake.
Charles lifted her in his arms, carried her
up the bank and set her feet again on a
board, frozen canal, which the lake partly
filled. Her nature, her whole self succum-
bed to the sense of power which she felt in
his arms, and she was his own.

Suddenly under the Aurora borealis, they
sped eastward upon the gliding skates.
On the left, the bright white streamers
shot up almost to the zenith, in front, a
low bank of clouds was lighting up with
the rising moon. The wild world whirled
around her, and she was his own.

Edward, under the Aurora borealis, they
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"I don't stop long," she said. "We
shall certainly be caught. I don't feel O, so
sweet."

"We will come with us altogether,"
said Charles, and he began to persuade
her to stop with him.

"But if I did, uncle would never forgive
me. He would never let me have my
money, and I should be a burden to you.
Wait a year or two."

"We had better," said Charles, catch-
ing her up again, and making as if he
would carry her off bodily. "I wish I had
brought some skates. I will tomorrow
night, and—"

"What's that?" said Florence in great
alarm.

"I don't hear anything," he said.
"I saw a shadow went across my
mind. Hush, let me go."

"To-morrow night at this time, then,"
he said. "Yes, only do let me go."

She darted into the postern gate shut
it and ran up the stone steps. As she
opened the first of the double doors, she
heard the faint sound of a footstep, and
anxiety and a sense of the better of prudence—
she pushed the second door open quickly, and
passed into the passage.

Her candle in the passage, she found
the door ajar, and she saw a shadow
glide into the room. She was alone, and
she was alone.

Florence turned quickly, her hand on
her shoulder, her eyes half shut, and she
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quite borne down by his violence, and un-
able to prove that she was not near the
bureau at that time by calling Charles a
witness. He had been behind lately. He
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CORAL'S WEDDING-DAY

By Amy Randolph.

It was Coral Hyde's wedding anniversary—her first—and it was Christmas Day
as well—a sort of dual festival.

The old housekeepers on the western
shores of the Pacific laughed at the as-
sidity with which she sought wild ber-
beries and feathery fringes of silk white
clematis to deck her little one-story
cabin in the Redwood Forests.

"It's all nonsense," said one. "The
berries lose their color right away, and
the clematis seed pods burst all apart,
and make such a litter as never was!"
Mrs. Hyde got sick of all such sort of
things before she had been married as long
as she had.

"Besides," added another, "this Cal-
ifornia country isn't like down East. Not
very slightly among these hills, but one
somewhere, nestled in a soft and smug
Christmas, don't fairly seem like Christ-
mas here."

"Christmas is Christmas everywhere,"
said Coral, with the pretty positiveness
that belonged to her nature. "And it is
loved by God too."

The general with muskets and
branches of holly-green mistletoe and the
scarlet mountain-berries that glowed as
if they were touched with fire, and hung
her little house beautiful. And she hung
up a snow scene—evergreens all mantled
with white and a cabin drifted up, all
save the shine of one window across the
steely river—on the wall, and worked a

shaded wools to put above the mantel.
Alexis—she had heard that, dear old
father—had been to the city, and he
seems so strange to stand here on Christ-
mas Eve and see the roses all in bloom and
the magnolia and madrodam trees all
clad in their superb, magenta-like
foliage, and the blue birds darting in and
out of the woods."

Coral had left the way from Maine
to the fortune of her sturdy young
western lover. It would be scarcely true
to say that she did not, at times, pine
for her eastern home, and think longingly
of the mellowed pastures and the
swamps along the Androscoggin River.
But she had decided to make her home
where her heart was, and in a great
measure she had succeeded.

And so she decked the house for Christ-
mas, and took out all the little presents she
had secretly contrived for Alexis, passing
them in careful review, and making sure that
nothing had been forgotten. And then she
looked at the clock, and then she looked at
the turkey, all stuffed and skewered for
the morrow's oven, the bowl of ruby red
cranberry sauce, the dainty mince pies,
which she herself had chopped and season-
ed, and she thought, "I don't feel O, so
sweet."

"We will come with us altogether,"
said Charles, and he began to persuade
her to stop with him.

"But if I did, uncle would never forgive
me. He would never let me have my
money, and I should be a burden to you.
Wait a year or two."

"We had better," said Charles, catch-
ing her up again, and making as if he
would carry her off bodily. "I wish I had
brought some skates. I will tomorrow
night, and—"

"What's that?" said Florence in great
alarm.

"I don't hear anything," he said.
"I saw a shadow went across my
mind. Hush, let me go."

"To-morrow night at this time, then,"
he said. "Yes, only do let me go."

She darted into the postern gate shut
it and ran up the stone steps. As she
opened the first of the double doors, she
heard the faint sound of a footstep, and
anxiety and a sense of the better of prudence—
she pushed the second door open quickly, and
passed into the passage.

Her candle in the passage, she found
the door ajar, and she saw a shadow
glide into the room. She was alone, and
she was alone.

Florence turned quickly, her hand on
her shoulder, her eyes half shut, and she
saw a shadow glide into the room. She
was alone, and she

Break Up a Cold in Time
BY USING
PYNY-PECTORAL
 The Quick Cure for COUGHS,
 COLDS, CROUP, BRON-
 CHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc.

Mr. J. H. ROBERTS,
 of St. John's, N.B., writes:
 "I have used Pyny-Pectoral in
 my family for several years, and
 it has cured every cold, cough,
 croup, etc., that I have had.
 It is a most valuable remedy,
 and I can recommend it to
 all who are afflicted with
 any of the above complaints."

Large Bottle, 25 Cts.
 DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.,
 Proprietors, MONTREAL.

BATEMAN & BRETHAUER,
 FASHIONABLE TAILORS,
 CLEANING AND REPAIRING DONE
 ON SHORTEST NOTICE.

Prices Right Give Us a Call.
 Newest and Most Fashionable
 Samples to Select From.

QU'APPELLE STATION, - - ASSA

CHOPPED FEED.
 I will do well to have my grain
 chopped. I am using every Tuesday at
 the College. Wonderful grain will be taken in
 exchange if preferred.

H. F. BOYCE.

QU'APPELLE STATION, - - ASSA

Reading of the thermometer for the week
 ending Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1905.

	Maximum.	Minimum.
Wednesday, Dec. 11	35	23
Thursday, Dec. 12	48	22
Friday, Dec. 13	49	20
Saturday, Dec. 14	30	13
Sunday, Dec. 15	23	12
Monday, Dec. 16	16	3
Tuesday, Dec. 17	4	-5

WIND DIRECTION AND VELOCITY.

	W.M.	N.W.	E.S.	G.P.
Wednesday	..	..	..	..
Thursday	..	..	..	..
Friday	..	..	..	..
Saturday	..	..	..	..
Sunday	..	..	..	..
Monday	..	..	..	..
Tuesday	..	..	..	..

Local and General

—Be just before you are generous
 —As the flower is before the
 fruit, so is faith before good works
 —We can do more good by being
 good than in any other way.
 —Blind man's buff is like sym-
 pathy, it is a fellow feeling for an-
 other.
 —Mr. J. H. Weigill, inspector of
 schools, visited our school on Mon-
 day and Tuesday.
 —Fifty cents for No. 1 hard
 wheat was the prevailing price last
 week at Prince Albert.
 —Mr. R. S. Sargent, of the H. B.
 Co., Skeena River, B.C., is in town
 paying his parents a visit.
 —There will be an ordination
 service at the pro-cathedral, Qu'-
 Appelle, on Saturday next.
 —The Moose Jaw Times has
 changed hands, E. G. Woodward,
 having bought out Walter Scott.
 —Mr. H. F. Boyce, who has
 been suffering from a severe attack
 of influenza, is able to be around
 again.
 The coal man is in close now;
 The town's saw mill;
 The plough is ready to be used;
 The water pipes are fixed;
 —We wish to draw the attention
 of our Indian Head readers to the
 business card of Mr. Snider, in an-
 other column.
 —In consequence of the report
 of the council reaching the office,
 the report cannot be printed
 till next week.
 —The curlers will give a ball at
 the town hall on the 30th. That it
 will be an ice ball, goes without
 saying. See ad.
 —Mr. Lusk, our photographer,
 expects to leave the last of the
 week to spend Christmas at home,
 and will return after New Year's.
 —Mr. W. H. Bell has been more
 or less confined to the house during
 the past week with a bad cold, we
 hope, however, to see him around
 again soon.
 —Once a year, with ceremony
 and unusual pomp, the Emperor of
 China plunges a turrow, in order to
 dignify agriculture in the eyes of
 his people.
 —A dispatch to the Standard,
 London, England, from Constantin-
 ople, Dec. 13, says that all the em-
 bassies are practically preparing for
 a state of siege.
 —The handsome holiday number
 of the Winnipeg Free Press reached
 us yesterday morning. It contains
 twenty pages of interesting reading,
 descriptive, telegraphic, and other-
 wise.
 —It is probable that the con-
 struction will be begun within the
 next three months of no less than
 six big battleships for the U. S.
 navy, instead of two for which bids
 were recently called.
 —In the afternoon of the 14th,
 a paper prints an amusing little view
 with Sir Charles Tupper, in which
 the commissioner was asked what
 were the prospects of annexation of
 Canada to the United States, to
 which he replied: Ridiculous! It

will never be thought of in the
 next hundred years. Not the slight-
 est indication of prospect of such a
 thing. Preposterous! Canada
 will always remain a part and parcel
 of a greater nation than the United
 States will ever be.

—Mr. W. T. Bodley, of Cham-
 plain, had a yard of oats this
 season of ninety-five bushels to
 the acre. On that portion of his
 farm which was hauled he had but
 thirteen bushels per acre.—Min-
 nelosa Tribune.

—As illustrating the present high
 value of ivory it is announced that
 the "top" price of the sales just
 concluded by Messrs. Donald Gray
 and Sons, Auctioneers, London,
 England, was £155 per cwt, or
 nearly £1 per lb.

—The Presbyterian Sunday school
 Christmas tree will be held in the Im-
 migration Hall on Christmas Eve, Dec.
 24th. A good program of songs,
 recitations, dialogues, etc., will be
 given. Tickets for sale at Cream's
 drug store and Mr. A. McKenzies.

—The Rev. Joseph Douglas, of
 Douglas, N.W.T., who was chosen
 some two years ago to assist East-
 ern Assiniboia in the interest of
 the Indians, has returned to his church
 work, and has accepted a pastorate
 in British Columbia and left for
 there last week.

—Mr. W. B. Christie, late of Qu'-
 Appelle, and now of Moose Jaw,
 and of Hinchcock & McCulloch's
 bank, who has been ill for some
 time of fever, is still confined to
 his room. The fever has been
 broken but other complications are
 retarding his recovery.

—Mr. E. J. Drake, of Winnipeg,
 has two twin children in the new
 paper line from Fort Steele, B.C.,
 called The Prospector. It is en-
 tirely the work of a typewriter,
 although the pages are quite large.
 The Prospector is filled with mining
 news, advertisements and local
 comments, and is a novelty.

—It is with much regret that
 we have to announce the death of
 Margaret Louisa Musgrove, of Qu'-
 Appelle Station, and formerly of
 Grassington, Yorkshire, England.
 Miss Musgrove had been ill for
 two days, having been stricken
 with influenza on the lungs on
 Friday and which terminated on
 Sunday last.

—The Prince of Wales, who
 is shooting on St. Edward's Island
 estate in Beaconsfield, Lancashire,
 had some grains of powder from his
 gun blown into his right eye. The
 doctor was summoned and applied
 remedial and surgical treatment,
 which delayed the sun and all well.
 Royal Highness is expected to be
 in town on the 19th.

—J. L. Catbert, a respectable
 citizen of Tupperia, reported a short
 time ago that of thirty graves
 examined in Rochester and the
 Catholic cemeteries, that twenty-
 one were empty. The three other
 colleges was without students to-
 day after the report was made, all
 having left the city to escape in-
 vidious. Governor Meritt has
 offered a reward of \$300 for the
 grave robbers.

—At a dinner in Paris the other
 day, the speaker who proposed the
 health of our ambassador in France,
 mentioned an incident which is
 probably unique. When his Ex-
 cellency was Governor-General of
 Canada, he went one day to visit
 the Montreal College. A deputa-
 tion of students welcomed him, and
 after long speeches—one in En-
 glish, one in French, one in
 Greek and one in Latin. Without
 any previous preparation, Lord
 Dufferin understandingly answered
 each in its own language.

—The N.W.M. Police are still
 hopeful of capturing the Indian
 who shot Sgt. Colbrook near Duck
 Lake. It is thought he is hiding
 on one of the reserves in the north.
 He is described as about 21 years
 old, medium size and as cunning as
 a fox. The Indians and trappers
 who know him say he would not
 hesitate to pull on any one who
 might attempt to capture him. His
 name is the Almighty Voice.

—Among the passengers who
 arrived at New York on the 14th,
 on the Cunard steamer Campania,
 from Liverpool and Queenstown were
 Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., high
 commissioner for Canada, and Lady
 Tupper; A. D. Prévost, M.P., and

A.M. Proudfoot. The return of Sir
 Charles Tupper is in compliance
 with a request of the Dominion
 board for a conference, the sub-
 ject of which is said to be subsidies
 for the trans-Atlantic rapid steam-
 ship service, and the projected
 Pacific cable scheme, upon which
 a colonial conference is said to be
 held in which Canada will be en-
 titled to representation.

—Incoming shipping to St.
 John's Newfoundland, report bright-
 ly weather. The steamer Uganda,
 from Liverpool, never met such
 stormy weather. The coastwise steam-
 ers have been unable to leave the
 harbor for thirty-six hours. The
 steamer Elbe Lake is ashore at
 Bay Bulls. The steamer Portia
 running between New York, St.
 John's, and Halifax is twenty-eight
 hours overdue from Halifax, and
 must have been driven out to sea
 and has probably broken down.
 Much apprehension is felt here
 about her.

The pig on the desert will
 come out in the winter, and will
 be a great asset to the farmer.
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—Abenden has set the seal of
 his disapproval on the charity ball
 to be held at Winnipeg, New Year's
 Eve, to raise funds for the children's
 hospital. Replying to an invitation
 to attend he says it would not be in
 accordance with the principles of
 himself and Lady Abenden to par-
 ticipate in such festivities on New
 Year's eve and adds that the arties
 intending to take part should em-
 ploy themselves in a more work-
 ing method on such an occasion than
 indulging in the pleasures of the
 dance. The general opinion is that
 this ensues the success of the ball.

—The Spicer Comedy company
 played a three-hour engagement
 here on the 12th, 13th, and 14th,
 and delighted everybody. Mrs.
 Spicer in her character sketches and
 songs was simply immense, while
 Mr. Lee is a most light hearted actor
 of the old school. Indeed it was a
 pleasure to see and hear him, and
 carries us back to the days of Dion
 Boucicault at Waldorf, whom he
 much resembles in style and acti-
 on. The old gentleman is well ad-
 vanced in years but to see Mrs.
 Spicer—his daughter—and himself
 on the boards is a treat seldom en-
 countered in the Northwest. The bal-
 ance of the company, while rating
 in no particular word of praise,
 were very acceptable to their dif-
 ferent roles.

—The French newspaper, L'Echo,
 has published a long and elaborate
 article on the subject of the develop-
 ment of the Canadian Pacific. The
 article is a masterpiece of literary
 style, and is a most interesting
 study of the Canadian Pacific. The
 article is a masterpiece of literary
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had decided that there was pleuro-
 pneumonia among American cattle.
 Then the American government reciprocated
 and prohibited the importation of
 Canadian cattle, and the result
 was a big falling off, or rather almost a total
 cessation, of sales in the United States.
 Now that Canadian cattle are "in the same
 box" as American when landed at British
 ports, it is certainly worth while in-
 vestigating the question, and seeing if
 any practical purpose is being served by
 its retention, especially as regards purchased
 stock.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.
 South American Rheumatic Cure for
 Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically
 cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action
 upon the system is remarkable and
 mysterious. The first dose greatly
 benefits, 75 cents. Sold by C.
 E. Cartwright, Qu'Appelle.

The successful cattle service for
 last a dozen years, leads the govern-
 ment to enter into a scheme for
 introducing to England beef, mutton and
 dairy cattle only. The plan is the
 government will purchase cattle and sheep
 from the Dominion, and will be killed,
 boxed, and shipped to England, and
 the government will be the sole
 importer of the commodities. There
 will be no export duties on the cattle,
 mutton, or sheep, and the government
 will be the sole importer of the commodities.
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Prof. Robertson, Dominion dairy
 commissioner, addressing the annual meeting
 of the Cattle Breeders' Association, at Guelph,
 Dec. 10, spoke of the Canadian cattle
 service, and of the government's
 plan to introduce to England beef,
 mutton, and dairy cattle only. He
 recommended that the government
 should be the sole importer of the commodities.
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EVERY FAMILY
SHOULD KNOW THAT

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER
 VEGETABLE

Is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and is wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.

PAIN-KILLER is a sure cure for Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Stomachic, and all kinds of Complaints.

PAIN-KILLER is the BEST remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, and all kinds of Pain.

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